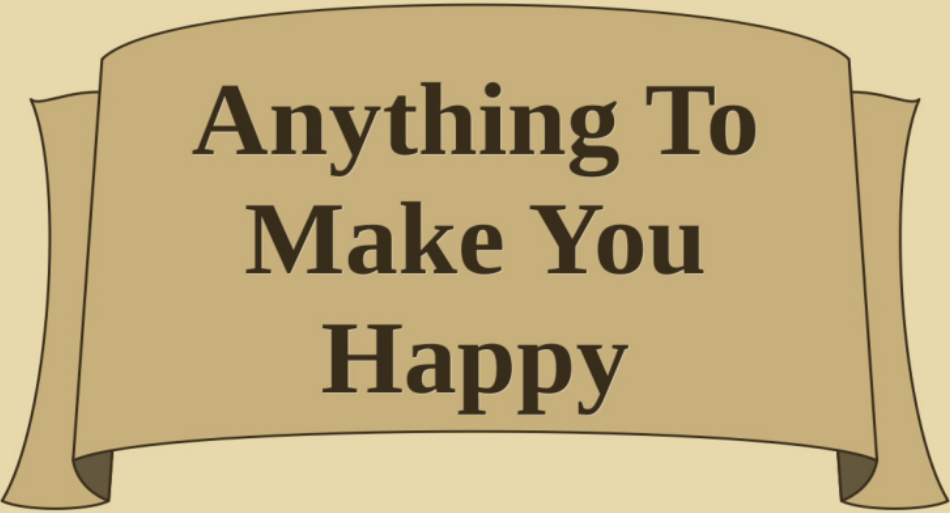




Anything To Make You Happy

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Genre: Angst, Doesn't follow the plot well probably, F/M, Friends to Lovers, Happy Ending, I'm really sleepy tbh, In The Bedroom Down The Hall, M/M, Multi, Poorly written, Richie cant handle his feelings, Sad, Spoilers

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Summary:

(Y/n) Hocksetter had crushed on Richie since she met him through her bully brother. You spent a long time in Derry, helping the Losers throughout the years. But after another run in with Pennywise you finally break down.

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You shivered, your hands rubbing up and down your arms trying to get some warmth on your bare arms. You couldn't take this cold, "Tell me again why we're out in the middle of the night Tozier?" You tried your best to keep your teeth from clacking together but failed miserably. You could feel this cold seeping into your bones. Your feet and your neck. Toes and fingers.

"I told you to bring a coat!" Richie shot back, scowling.

"I told you, it was in the kitchen and my parent's would have heard me!" You shot back, letting out a huff which was plainly visible in the freezing cold.

Richie groaned and turned around. "Well that's not my problem, go get one from Ben or something!"

"Richie we're split up, I am not gonna go find Ben in the middle of the woods alone!"

"Sucks for you then." Richie turned back around and continued using his flashlight to illuminate the slightly foggy forest.

Huffing you stomped up to him. "You have like three coats on!" You lightly pushed Richie, his glasses slipping down his nose a little. "You know what, fine." Richie threw his hands up in the air and set the flashlight down. He quickly tore off a second layer of a thick wool sweater. He slammed it into your chest. "Keep it, it sucks dicks anyway. Too scratchy and it doesn't even fit right." Richie shoved his glasses up the bridge of his nose and snatched the flashlight from the forest floor.

You grinned and slipped it over your head. It was a little small and short on you but it did the trick, you were quiet for the rest of the night which caused Richie to glance over at you, look you up and down, and smile and continue.

"Hey it's almost Christmas you know." Your voice broke silence that had carried on between the two of you for good solid ten minutes. Richie looked at you with a raised eyebrow. "Yeah in like six

months."

"Well still, what would you like?"

Richie sighed. "Either some comic books or the glow in the dark stars. I get nervous when I'm in the dark." Richie coughed over the last part but you still heard him.

You chuckled, "Dork."

-Flash forward 2 years-

You smiled as you walked into the last day of sophomore year with Richie, bundled up in a fluffy coat that was definitely too big for you. "Hey I got you something." You shoved your hands into your pockets and pulled out some stick on glow stars. "I never gave these to you. They were for Christmas all those years ago, but I had forgotten about them. So. Here." You put your hand in front of Richie. He looked at you then down at your hand.

"Um, no. I'm not thirteen anymore (y/n)." Richie scoffed and walked forward, branching off from you. You slowed down and looked back at your hands, the slightly green stars neatly packaged in your hand still, then looked back up to find you lost Richie somewhere in a large group of teens that clogged the hallways.

Your eyebrows knitted as you shoved the stars back into your pocket, snapped the pocket closed and shoved your way to your locker.

-Flash forwards to the middle of the summer-

You smiled as you peddled along side of the Losers Club, you were all headed down to the Quarry. You made your way to Richie's side and poked him. "Hey Tozier."

"What asshat?"

"Here." You put your hand over in-front of him, trying to drive your bike with one hand. Looking down quickly Richie saw the stars. He looked at you and huffed, slamming your hand back over to your side and peddled faster. The sudden push had made you lose balance and fall off your bike, landing on the pavement with a hard thud and sickening skidding noise. He looked back at you as you fell over, angry and not stopping.

Bill and Eddie came to a halt to check on your now bleeding form,

waving for everyone to keep going. "(Y/n), what the hell-" Eddie looked up to see Richie farther a head than the rest of the club.

The pain was a lot for you, tears stung your eyes as you ripped your bleeding palms away from Bill. "Whatever." You scowled and got back on your bike. "Go have fun with that asshole. I'm going home." You shoved off and pedaled back to your house as fast as you could.

You couldn't tell if your tears were from the wind, the pain of your palms, or the fact Richie has been shoving you away.

-Flash forwards one year-

You leaped back, panic and fear in your eyes. "What's wrong (Y/n), don't you want to give me a lil' kiss?" The voice of Richie turned more crackly and demonic. His form slowly changing into something you often had nightmares about, Pennywise.

"S-stay back!" You screamed. You knew it was a mistake looking back into this stupid 'crack house' with them again.

Richie said he's been seeing the stupid clown again and the Losers agreed to go check on the creatures' home.

You had gotten separated from the group and backed into a corner.

You fell backwards, a stray nail scrapping across your hand causing you to cry even harder than you already were.

"Oh come on (Y/n), admit it, you love me, **don't you?!**" The voice went from Richie's to demonic dramatically, a cackle sounded around you as the house melted away, showing a cliff. "You never liked jumping off the cliff either, because you knew if I did anything wrong my head would pop like a balloon! Pop pop pop! Pop! Pop!" The voice cackled and continued whispering 'pop'. You covered your ears, teeth grinding.

"Get away! Get away!"

"Come on, we both know he hates you (Y/n), come with me and you'll never have to worry about him every again. You'll float with us, you'll float too. Just like poor Richie."

Pennywise motioned to the bottom of the cliff where you saw what you believed to be Richies' mangled form. You felt sick, you wanted to cry and throw up. You wanted your body to invert itself after

seeing such a gory and horrific sight.

"N-no! No you- you're making me see things! Get out! Go away! Go away!" You scrambled backwards until your back hit Pennywise's legs, looking up you saw him bending over, his mouth stretching wider and wider.

"Richie!" You screamed, clutching your sweater. Your throat burning from the volume. Sure enough Richie flung open the door and slammed a metal bat right into Pennywise's head, a sickening crunch coming with it. You curled up, hands over your head and face in your knees as you heard Richie beating Pennywise's head in until another crunch was heard followed by a sickening slosh.

Your breath hitched and shook, sobs escaping your lips as you felt arms cling to you. You thrashed for a moment but calmed down when you could hear Richie shushing you. "(Y/n), (Y/n) it's just me calm down!" You turned your body and wailed into his chest, clinging to Richie.

Richie kept petting your (h/c) hair, attempting to soothe you. He didn't stop, even when Ben came up and found you. Not even when Bev tried to help you up.

You didn't let go of him and he didn't let go of you.

When you got home your parents were out. Again.

Richie led you to the bathroom and carefully washed your palm before wrapping it up. "What did...What did he make you see?"

You stared at your palms.

Did it seriously take you almost dying again to make him suddenly become your friend again?

You huffed, "Nothing."

Richie looked at you, his hand holding your shoulder. "He obviously did something, why did you cry out my name?"

"Why do you care?" You snapped and pushed your way to your room, Richie following you close behind. "What the fuck you almost died (Y/n)! Of course I care!"

"Oh so it seriously took me almost being fucking murdered by some demon for you to suddenly care again!?" You screamed.

You snatched up the stars you had thrown on your desk and whipped

it at Richie. "Ever since we were thirteen Richie, thirteen! You've been slowly inching away and getting more and more pissed at me for no FUCKING reason!" You cried. Hot tears dripping down your cheeks.

Richie blinked a few times before attempting to speak up. "I'm not pissed with you I-"

"Oh yeah, last year! The end of sophomore year!" You pulled up your shorts to show a scar along your leg.

"You shoved me off my God damn bike Tozier! twelve stitches, TWELVE!" You shoved your shorts back down and pulled the back of your sweater up, showing a large, now yellowed, bruise. "Last week you show up to the arcade and shoved me into Dragon Slayer! And despite everything I still fucking love you!" You looked at him with fury in your eyes. "And their's plenty more Tozier. Plenty more!"

You whipped your sweater off and flung it at Richie.

You slammed a shirt over your half naked body and turned back to Richie. "I appreciate you helping me, but get the fuck out."

Richie stood their, silent.

"What, no asshole-like comment?" You huffed.

Richie looked up at you. "You... Love. Me." Richie's eyes were watery behind his glasses.

You froze. Did you really say that?

"A-and you. You kept my sweater." Richie looked back down at his hands, gripping the off white sweater with his hands.

When you has started to open your mouth it was silenced by Richies lips on yours. You placed your hands on his shoulders, attempting to push him back but stopped as his arms wrapped around your waist, tugging you closer to him.

When you pulled away you rested your head on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I've been such an asshole, please forgive me, I-I just have liked you since the first time we ran into that fucking demon and didn't know what to do...I-I.. I'm so fucking sorry."

Your back hurt from his grip and you honestly wanted to punch him but you let yourself go lip in his arms, clinging to his back softly.

"I fucking love you. You asshole."

"Love you too asshole."